Then be my passions bottomlesse with them,
Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
VVhen heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea waxe mad,
Threatning the welkin with his bigswolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighs doth flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be mooued with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drownd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomacks with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messenger. VVorthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Here are the heads of thy two Noble sonnes,
And heres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefe, their sports: Thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death.
Marcus. Now let hote Ætna coole in Cycilie,
And be my hart an euerburning hell:
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flowted at, is double death.
Lucius. Ah that this sight should make so deepe a wound
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,

VVhere

VVhere life hath no mo
Marcus. Alas poore
As frozen water to a sta
Titus. VVhen will thi
Mar. Now farewell
thou dost not slumber,
thy warlike hand, thy
thy other banisht sonn
Strucke pale and blood
Euen like a stony imag
Ah now no more will I
Rent off thy siluer haire
Gnawing with thy teet
The closing vp of our w
Now is a time to storme
Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
M. VVhy dost thou
Titus. VVhy. I haue
Besides this sorrow is a
And would vsurpe vpon
And make them blinde
Then which way shall I
For these two heads doe
And threat me, I shall
Till all these mischiefes
Euen in their throats th
Come let me see what t
You heauie people cirk
That I may turne mee t
And sweare vnto my sou
The vow is made, Com
And in this hand the ot
And *Lauinia* thou shalt
Beare thou my hand swe
As for thee boy, goe ge